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Monody to the memory of his Royal Highness Frederick,
prince of Wales

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A

MONODY

To the MEMORY of

His ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK

PRINCE of *WALES.*

A

MONODY

To the MEMORY of

His ROYAL HIGHNESS *FREDERICK* PRINCE of *WALES.*

By *W. KENRICK.*

I, Decus, I, noſtrum : melioribus utere Fatis. VIRGIL.

LONDON:

Printed for F. STAMPER and E. DOWNHAM, in *Pope's-Head Alley, Cornhill*; J. ROBINSON, in *Ludgate-ſtreet*; and R. WILSON, Book-ſeller to His Royal Highneſs the DUKE, in *Pall-Mall.* 1751.

[Price One Shilling.]

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Counteſs of MIDDLESEX.

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MADAM,

AS nothing but your long-known Attachment to Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the Princeſs of *WALES*, and your preſent Veneration for the Memory of ſo Excellent a PRINCE as His late HIGHNESS, could afford even a Shadow of Excuſe for my Preſumption, in directing this Piece to your Ladyſhip; ſo nothing but your equally diſtinguiſhed Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion could have given me the leaſt Hope of that Honour, your Approbation and Acceptance of it has conferred on one of ſo little Conſequence in the Literary World, as,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

Moſt Obſequious,

And moſt Obliged,

Humble Servant,

WILLIAM KENRICK.

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A

MONODY.

IS there a Son who holds his Father dear,
And fails to mourn the tender Parent's Fall!
Is there a *Briton* fails to ſhed a Tear!
A general Parent ſhould be mourn'd by all.

FREDERICK *is dead*——Is there a Lyre unſtrung?
Is there a Note that cannot make us weep?
Is ſilent now the Bard that e'er has ſung,
Or can the *Muſes* with their *Patron* ſleep?

Ah no!—Am I the loweſt of the Throng,
The meaneſt, youngeſt, Stranger to Applauſe;
The Name of *Briton* juſtifies the Song,
Whoever ſings, in Virtue's ſacred Cauſe.

Hid, where the hopeful promiſe of the Year
Smil'd o'er the rural Scene, a kind Retreat,
Death's frofty Sound firſt chill'd my ſtartled Ear,
And ſtole the Sweetneſs from each riſing Sweet.

The Morning's Eye peep'd o'er the diſtant Plain,
The budding Grove entic'd mine early Way,
Slowly a-field lagg'd on the liſtleſs Swain,
Loſt to the Whiſtle and the wonted Lay.

Each

Each to his Friend pour'd out the Soul ſincere,
Each Friend his equal Sorrow doth impart;
While the ſad Pleaſure of a ſocial Tear
Beſpoke the Burden of an honeſt Heart.

Aged and bending to his ſturdy Plant,
(His *Toil* ſcarce leſſen'd in his Ninetieth Year,
His only Staff to beat off barking *Want)*
Hard by, an hoary Swain ſtood mute with Care.

A heaving Sigh at length his Silence broke,
When thus the good old Man——*Is't true, my Friend?*
(A Flood of Tears came guſhing as he ſpoke)
Say——Is it true our Hopes have ſeen their End?

His

His Grandſire died——I long did rue the Day——
And is indeed the Pride of Brittain *gone?*
I look'd Reply——He felt what I would ſay,
Turn'd Eye to Heav'n, and droop'd, and plodded on.

Ah me! thought I, whene'er a good Man dies,
If diſtant Mourners can ſuch Griefs reveal,
What are the Pangs of Souls in nearer Ties,
Or what muſt *Science* and her Daughters feel!

Loſt to myſelf, I made the Turf my Seat,
In *Contemplation's* lonely, lowly Plight;
While *Fancy* ſtole away, with trembling Feet,
And brought the Height of Miſery to my Sight.

A pallid Corſe, a lifeleſs, breathleſs Thing,
But Yeſterday a Nation's gloried Pride,
But Yeſterday the more than half a King,
Leſs than a Man To-day, and caſt in Death aſide.

Ambition weeps——but flow a richer Tear.
The kindeſt Father, Huſband, Brother, Son,
In ev'ry Tye, in each Relation dear,
Lov'd, prais'd, and honour'd, is for ever gone.

Behold *Auguſta*, leaning o'er her Lord,
As when ſhe ſooth'd his bitter Hours of Pain,
Return his laſt fond Look and parting Word,
As if the tender Call would lure him back again.

But ah! it wo'not be——yet ſee her ſtand,
The living Statue of extreme Deſpair;
Death in her Eye, grip'd faſt each wringing Hand,
She bleeds at Heart, but cannot ſhed a Tear.

Beſide her, ſee her early budding Joys,
The prattling Hopes of many an happy Year,
A little lovely Train of Girls and Boys,
That feel a Father's Death and tender Mother's Care.

Round her they cling their little Hands, in Tears,
Aſking the Voice of Comfort, her's no more.
Miſery ſo exquiſite *Auguſta* bears:
Her Heart, too great to burſt, was full, too full before.

Thus

Thus ſits *Affliction* in her Widow's Weeds,
Doom'd ev'ry Hope and Pleaſure to forego:
Her weeping Children ſtab the Heart that bleeds,
And ſwell her Portion in the Cup of Woe.

Fix'd like the Marble of ſome Maſter Hand,
Behold, whoſe Features ſpeak the nobleſt Mind,
The Man compos'd to Heav'n's ſupreme Command,
To each ſevereſt, deadlieſt Stroke reſign'd.

Bent on the ſtriking Scene his Parent Eye,
Strong Sympathy his Nature yet reveals:
He melts, he mixes with the Infant's Cry,
And feels the Pangs the widow'd Mother feels.

A while the Hero joins the Man again,
By ſo much more the virtuous by a Tear.
Who could not feel a Father's tender'ſt Pain,
Could ne'er the Sorrows of a Nation bear.

Behold a Brother for a Brother mourn,
Rich with a Soldier's Heart that cannot lie.
See the ſad Siſters, round the ſacred Urn,
Pour the laſt Tribute of a painful Sigh.

Faſt by, of weeping Friends a num'rous Train,
Whoſe happier Lot had plac'd their early Seat,
Where ev'n a Flatt'rer might have ſu'd in vain;
And only who was good, was lov'd as great.

Where Pleaſure ſmil'd the wretched but to bleſs,
The Debt of Love or Pity but to pay;
Where laviſh Bounty liſt'ned to Diſtreſs,
Slighted herſelf, and gave her All away.

This was a *Court*——and Men were here ſincere;
Here ev'ry honeſt Man might find a Friend;
Fair *Science*, early, found her Patron here.
Look where he lies——for there the Scene muſt end.

Come now, chill Fancy! trail thy Mourners here,
Lead on thy Train in ſlow and ſolemn Plight;
Bear hence away this ſad, untimely Bier,
Mute as the Breath of Silence in the Dead of Night.

Here, *Brittain*'s *Genius*——here thy Sorrows bring;
Here let thy righteous Tears in Juſtice flow.
(O were I taught to touch the Maſter String,
That might awake a Nation into Woe.)

Lo! where ſhe ſits lamenting, by the Way,
Like *Pity*, mourning for her firſt-born Child;
Her Robes of Royalty to Duſt a Prey,
And her bare Breaſt by Hatred's Hand defil'd.

Lo! where the Huſband of her better Years,
The little Comfort, all he has, would part.
(A King is wedded to a Nation's Cares,
And all his Subjects ſhould be Sons at Heart.)

In

In vain he brings the Flatterer of her Joys,
And tells of Infant Smiles to ſooth Deſpair;
A Scene more diſtant all her Soul employs.
Far leſs the Pains we feel than thoſe we fear.

Hail! drooping *Genius* of our Nation! Hail!
O let me mix my kindred Tears with thine!
Speak all thy Fears——I'll liſten to the Tale,
And every gloomy Proſpect ſhall be mine.

Lean on my Arm, and I will lead the Way,
Where ſcarce a Dawn of Hope ſhall find us out,
Where, looking forward to ſome future Day,
Sit longing *Expectation* and her Siſter *Doubt*.

Come on, fair Mourner, let us travel here,
Where, at the Entrance of pale *Horror's* Cave,
Sits the cold Portreſs, trembling haggard *Fear*,
Who points her waſted Finger tow'rd the Grave.

Mark on her Breaſt the Phantom of *Deſpair*,
A crawling Toad that ſtares with Blood-ſhot Eye,
That, ſwelt'ring, gnaws her bleeding Boſom bare,
And ſucks the Heart that would, but cannot, die!

Hard by, a ſtrange fantaſtic Group appear,
Wan *Cowardice*, each Moment changing Seat;
Weak *Apprehenſion*, pricked in the Rear,
And ſober *Melancholy*, Mother of *Conceit*.

Come,

Come, ſad *Brittannia!*——here, without Controul,
(Yet woe the Day that makes thee *Horror's* Gueſt!)
Pour out the dire Preſages of thy Soul,
And ſound the Depth of Mis'ry in thy Breaſt.

Look now, where tip-toed *Fear*, with ſhiv'ring Lips,
Has turn'd the Key, and wide her Portal ſtands;
Quick *Apprehenſion* in before us trips,
And bids us follow with her beck'ning Hands.

Look, *Brittain's Genius*——look, and view the Scene;
Behold anticipated all your Fears,
Where, high exalted o'er the Sons of Men,
Your Lord declines adown the Vale of Years.

Cloſe to his Side, the Darling of his Race,
Faſt holding to the Hand by which he's led,
Is learning how the rugged Ways to trace,
The Paths of Royalty, ſo difficult to tread.

E'er long, perhaps, himſelf to track the *Way*,
To wind its ſteep Aſcent and ſudden Fall;
How eaſy 'tis the narrow Path to ſtray!
How hard one erring Footſtep to recall!

Ah! ſee *Britannia*, Providence commands,
And low, thy *Sovereign's* level'd in the Duſt.
Shock'd with the Stroke, his tender Pupil ſtands,
And to his tott'ring Feet can hardly dare to truſt.

Behold

Behold him now purſue the Taſk alone:
Ten thouſand friendly Foes around him preſs;
Ev'n *Vice*, in heav'nly Form, beſets the *Throne*;
And *ſervile Flatt'ry* in *Submiſſion's* Dreſs.

Hark! *Adulation* ſooths his liſt'ning Ear;
Bewitching *Beauty* drops the languiſh'd Eye;
Deſigning *Pleaſure* throws her ſilken Snare;
And mean *Effeminacy* loiters ſoftly by.

Curſe on their ſpecious and deluſive Art,
That waves his pliant Virtue to and fro,
That plucks fair budding Honour from his Heart,
And ſinks a Kingdom into laſting Woe.

O turn *Brittannia!* turn thine Eyes away!
Far let us leave, behind, this cruel Scene.
I ken the Dawning of an happier Day,
That yet may ſmile unclouded and ſerene.

Lo! where ſhe comes, commiſſion'd from on High,
Swift on the Wind her Silver Chariot driv'n,
Fair ſmiling *Hope*, the Wiſh of ev'ry Eye,
The darling Good of Men and ſweeteſt Child of Heav'n.

She draws the Veil wide over ſhrinking *Fear:*
Daſtard *Illuſion* from her Preſence flies;
Hid is the ugly Head of dire *Deſpair*;
And placid all the Scene as Summer's Evening Skies.

She

She brings, pourtray'd, the Balm to Sorrow's Smart,
Where ſtands the Infant Copy of his Sire,
Trac'd in the niceſt Touches of the Heart,
The Patriot's Virtue and the Hero's Fire.

Led by a Monarch's tender Parent Arm,
(Long ſpar'd in Mercy, at a Nation's Prayer)
Or nurs'd by *Virtue*, in a *Mother's* Form,
He lives a Recompence to all their Care.

He lives his Father's better Steps to trace,
To glow his perfect Image in our Eye,
To ſhine the Glory of a Sovereign Race,
To win the Love of *All*, and then——perhaps, *to die*.

O what a Thought! Where is the flatt'ring Scene!
Alas! the bright, enchanting Proſpect's fled!
Deceitful *Hope! Fear* yet controuls within,
And bids me ſtill to mourn that *FREDERICK*'s dead.

Yet ſhall my Song not dare to ſpeak his Praiſe,
Nor need my feeble Breath to ſound his Fame;
His Virtues be the Theme of future Days:
For Ages yet to come shall sing of *FREDERICK*'s Name.

F I N I S.

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